

# OUR OWN MOVIES

BY NATE - Collier '19

## TINY TRAVE-LOGUE

**V**ERACITY LAKE, IN THE LOW-LYING VALLEY IN THE HILLS OF NORTHERN CONFETTI, IS THE SOURCE OF THE ANANIAS RIVER.



**R**IPPLING OER THE PEBBLES, A MERE BROOK, SLIPPING AWAY TO THE GREAT SEAS.



**N**EATH THE OVERHANGING BOUGHS OF GIGANTIC CYPHER TREES IT WINDS ITS CONTENTED WAY.



**T**HE CURRENT IS SO SWIFT AT SOME PLACES THAT THE FRICTION ON THE BANKS OF THE STREAM IS SO GREAT, IT HAS BURNED ALL VEGETATION TO A CRISP.



**B**OATING ON THE ANANIAS RIVER IS QUITE PERILOUS, ESPECIALLY IN PLACES LIKE THIS WHERE IT FLOWS UP PRECIPICES HUNDREDS OF FEET HIGH.



**A**T BIG BEND A BIG BEN ON THE SHORE CAUSES THE RIVER TO LEAP FROM ITS BED.



P.S.-

**T**HE ANANIAS RIVER DOES NOT FLOW INTO THE OCEAN BUT MAKES ITS WINDING WAY UP A GREASEWOOD TREE WHERE IT PERCHES IN THE TOPMOST BRANCHES.





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## Puppy Love

FOR YEARS HE HAD WORSHIPPED HER FROM AFAR. THIS FRAIL COUNTRY GIRL WITH EYES LIKE LIMPID POOLS AND SKIN LIKE THE BLUSH OF MORN.



THEY HAD GROWN UP TOGETHER, THESE TWO, SHE, TOTALLY OBVIOUS TO HIS LOVE, AND HE, EVER DRINKING IN THE BEAUTY OF HER FROM A DISTANCE.



LUCRETIA BOLOGNIA WAS NO FISH, SHE MEANT, SOME DAY, TO GRAB A PRINCE OR A CABBAGE KING OR SOMETHING

AN' TH' PRINCE GAVE HER A MILLION DOLLARS—



DIDN'T ALL HEROINES SHE HAD EVER READ ABOUT ALWAYS WED SOME COUPON-CLIPPING DENIZEN OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT??

I'LL AT LEAST LIVE HAPPILY ON THE ALIMONY



LUCRETIA VOWED TO DO LIKEWISE



ARTHUR MOMMETER, HE OF THE SOULFUL EYES HOVERS IN THE OFFING, TOO BASHFUL TO SPEAK—








IT HAS BEEN TWENTY LONG YEARS SINCE WE HEARD THIS SAD TALE— AND TO TELL THE TRUTH WE DON'T KNOW JUST HOW IT DID COME OUT—BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYWAY.




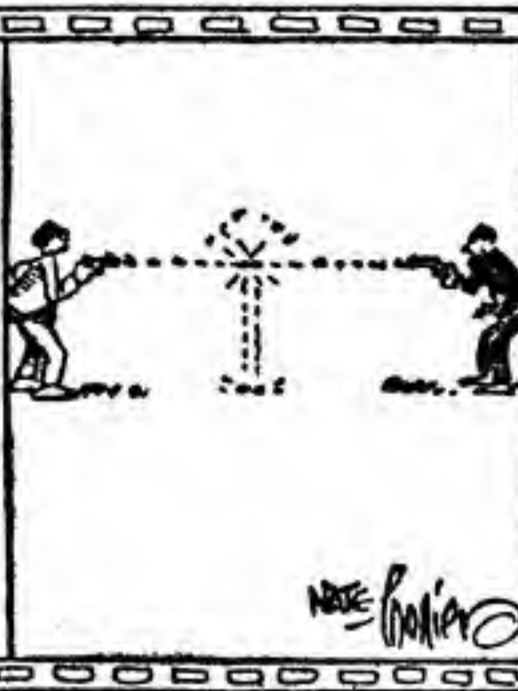


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	<p><b>B</b>ILL GLOVE, GANGSTER, FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "KID" HAD BEEN A PICKPOCKET SINCE EARLY BOYHOOD.</p> 		<p><b>T</b>HE KID WAS NIFTY AS HE RUSHED INTO THE BLACK HOLE, THE HAUNT OF THE EAST SIDE GANG OF WHICH HE WAS THE LEADER</p>	<p>I'VE MADE A HAUL, AND NOW WE'LL HAVE A PARTY.</p> 
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<p>LISSEN, KID, PAUL BEARER, LEADER OF THE BOWERY BUMS, SAYS HE'S GONNA CROAK YOU.</p> 	<p><b>D</b>ID KID GLOVE QUAIL? NIX! HE SAID HE'D HAVE A PARTY AND HE DID</p> 		<p><b>A</b>BOUT NINE AND A HALF O'CLOCK WHILE THE KID WAS DANCING WITH PRETTY NEVA MOORE - A CRASH WAS HEARD AT THE DOOR.</p> 		<p><b>T</b>HE DANCERS SCATTERED AS PAUL BEARER AND HIS GANG RUSHED INTO THE HALL.</p> 
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	<p><b>T</b>HE GLEAM OF TWO "GATS", THE REVERBERATING BANG OF BOTH GUNS AND ALL WAS STILL</p> 		<p><b>W</b>HEN THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY - BOTH MEN STOOD UNHARMED. THE BULLETS, EACH AIMED TRUE FOR THE OTHERS HEART HAD MET IN MID-AIR AND FALLEN TO THE FLOOR HARMLESS</p>  	 <p>NATE Collier</p>
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